

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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THE HOLIDAY.

ADRIAN FLORENT.

(Translated from the French of L. d'Altemont.)

ABOUT the middle of the fifteenth century, among the students in the University of Louvain, there was a young Adrian Florent, son of a weaver of Utrecht.

Adrian studied with indefatigable perseverance. Sometimes, with eyes heavy and body exhausted with fatigue, he found himself obliged to break off from his reading; but the love of study soon reasserted its power: eager for every sort of instruction, he lost no opportunity to learn the truths of science.

It was not long before the marvellous progress of young Adrian excited the jealousy of the other students, — above all, that of the richest and least industrious.

They soon discovered that every evening, just at nightfall, Adrian stole away from the university, that he always went in the same direction, and that he never returned until long after midnight. They also noticed that he always invented different pretexes to prevent his fellow-students from accompanying him in his excursions.

One evening some of them watched him, hoping to find him guilty of some grave offence. He perceived that he was followed, but easily escaped from their sight. They continued to wander about the city, hoping that some lucky chance would give them a trace of him. It was already near midnight. The idea struck them to visit the neighborhood of the Church of St. Peters before going home, — not because they really expected to find him there, for he had gone in another direction, but in order to make their search complete.

When they arrived near this church, — one of the most beautiful and imposing edifices in the Low Countries, — one youth suddenly cried out, —

“Stop! Either I am very much mistaken, or I see under the porch a human figure, which remains quite immovable, near a lamp.”

He advanced cautiously towards the object which had excited his curiosity. His companions followed.

Under the feeble light which burned under the porch of the church, they perceived a young man bent over a book. His face, partially lighted by the reflection of the lamp, was pale and worn.

“It’s Adrian,” they all cried out.

It was he, indeed. So completely taken by surprise, he raised his head, and his face became crimson. But he soon recovered himself, and came forward to meet his comrades.

“The mystery is at last solved,” he said: “you know every thing now. I am too poor to buy candles; and for four months I have continued my studies either here or at the corners of the streets: anywhere, indeed, where I can find a lamp.”

“But the cold,” interrupted one of the young men, “how can you bear that? It is enough to kill you.”

Adrian smiled, but refrained from putting his burning hand into that of his companion.

“Am I cold?” he asked him. “Truly I have here,” he added, placing his hand on his heart, “something that defies the cold as well as your scorn.”

No one dared then to sneer. Hate and jealousy gave place to the most sincere esteem.

The details of his life can be found in the annals of his country. It will be seen there that, by his talents, he raised himself to the post of vice-chancellor in the same university where he had entered a poor and obscure scholar; also that, later, he was appointed tutor to Charles V., and that — thanks to the appreciation of his royal pupil — he was

made prime minister in Spain, and afterwards became pope under the title of Adrian VI.

For The Dayspring.

WHAT IS JILL WORTH?

SURE enough, what? and who or what is Jill? Well, Jill is a terrier dog. The question is, What good does Jill among men, women, children, or dogs? He needs lots of care and attention. He is not fond of little folks. He will *not* make friends with them, even at their earnest solicitations. The baby, who is the light of the household, is not illuminated in Jill's eyes. When Baby "goes for" Jill, Jill growls, and backs into a corner, and will *not* be won to any allegiance to his babyship.

Neither is Jill friendly with the elders. No, he will not so much as *speak* to them. The President of "Our Dumb Animals" Society passed a Sunday in the Home. He *loves* animals, and spends time and money for their happiness. Dogs are his *special* pets. As a natural result, dogs love him. They instinctively cleave to him. But Jill went not with the multitude to worship at the popular shrine, and not even this "*Angell*" of *mercy* could persuade his friendship. This was the first dog, he said, who *would* not be friends with him.

Jill is not a good watch-dog. By *day*, he yelps at everybody who comes to the door, and snaps when he dares to snap. But at midnight, he keeps a profound silence, though one rummages the house over, slams doors, and knocks over a chair or two.

Jill has always lived near a church, — next door to one, in fact. But he hates the sound of a bell, and churches generally have bells. When the clock strikes, he howls dismally. Nor have years of failure to stop the bell caused him to cease his efforts.

Perhaps, when the chimes cease, and the hour is struck, Jill imagines that he has conquered, and brought them to grief.

He howls at the household singing, and breaks in upon family worship with awful whines. He will not listen, unless compelled by the rod; and when we kneel in prayer, he is greatly distressed because all the backs are turned towards him.

Jill is dainty, too. Chicken he *will* eat, but no *common* food does he relish. His habits need careful watch-guard, and are not altogether cleanly. Jill has a *bed*, but he prefers all the pillows in the house, by turns, to his lawful couch; and the guest-chamber must be kept closed to save the best counterpane from his incursions.

Neither a foe to enemies, nor hospitable to friends, is Jill. What, then, *is* he good for? Well, he loves his mistress devotedly. Do you recall what the gospel says, — "To her much is forgiven because she loved much"? It is a good text, and Jill illustrates it; Jill loves *one* person very much, and that one person is his owner, and Jill is forgiven accordingly. When she goes away, he must go too, or he is disconsolate till she returns. He even refuses food till he sees her welcome face again. When she returns, how he jumps and barks and paws her dress! He knows no tricks. He can neither *beg* nor leap over a cane; but *human* joy was never more apparent than Jill's canine delight. At present his mistress is far away, across the Atlantic, in foreign lands. It was no fit journey for Jill, and so he was left at home. He would *not* be comforted when she left. Till compelled to do so, he would *not* leave the chamber she had occupied. He even refused his dinner. She has been away more than a half year, and, though partially reconciled, he still laments the separation. By and by she will come home, and then how joyful will the meeting be!

How he will yelp for joy and be exceeding glad!—and his owner will reciprocate his gladness. So you see that even a *terrier*, who has few virtues to commend him to the general public, may be tolerated because of the affection he bears towards his mistress; and tolerated not only by *her*, but by those who love her and for her sake cherish him.

"You will never have a truer friend than that dog," said a stranger to her one day; and her heart said, "Amen!" J. H. W.

For The Dayspring.

"SPRING OPENINGS."

[Shopwoman Dame Nature advertises her goods at her front door, on High Street, Openfields.]

Ho, ye birds, come one and all,
Come to the matchless outfitting hall;
All ye feathered warblers, come
To the great Spring Clothing Emporium!
Winged songsters, without delay,
Come where dresses are given away, —
I mean where they are sold "for a song."
Come, then, all of you, flock along!
Come, when your *bills* are all *over-dew*,
Unlimited trust we still offer you.
Come, ye choristers of the woods,
Come, and examine our exquisite goods!
Come, sweet minstrels of air and sky,
Come this moment, come, *buy and buy!*
We've dresses all ready, bright and gay,
Just the thing to wear in May;
We are also expecting very soon
Some elegant articles fit for June;
And shall have an assortment, by and by,
Specially suited to wear in July.
We've feathers and fringes, of down and silk,
Red as roses and white as milk;
Raven-black plumes, and vests sky-blue,
Trimmed with gold, and mouse-colored, too.
Our Firm is firm, we've backers good,
Whose credit through hardest times has stood;
Trust us, we utter no idle tale,
When we say neither we nor our stock can fail.
Come then, darlings, come in and choose,
The terms are such as you can't refuse!
The goods are *warranted to wash*
(A phrase that often is merely bosh);

Our customers, again and again,
Have tried our dresses in drenching rain,
And the colors have stood as fast and true
As America's colors of starry blue.
With dresses like these, you need not fear
In Washington Street or Broadway to appear;
And yet you might, without the least shame,
In rural byways wear the same.

Such terms did Mistress Nature proffer,
And the birds, be sure, all jumped at her offer.

C. T. B.

For The Dayspring.

BOBBY'LL BE 'ROUND.



HAVING no children at our house, I heard with delight that the cottage at the foot of the lane was hired by a Mr. Drake, who had a wife and three children. I was glad, too, to learn that the elder children were boys, for I am not afraid of their noise and mischief, and easily make friends with them; which every one might do by taking an honest interest in their schemes, and treating them in a manly way, as if they were not babies or brutes.

I watched with satisfaction the go-carts, rocking-horse, and wagons dumped in the little yard, and then rolled out some molasses gingerbread for the boys' supper. As soon as I thought Mrs. Drake would like to see me, I rang her door-bell; which no one answering, I opened the front door to find Bobby astride the rocking-horse, and Arthur wheeling round the entry a cart full of stones, which he dropped at the four corners with noisy shouts. No wonder the bell was unheard. Knocking on the parlor door, a cheery voice said, "Come in!" and I found Mrs. Drake rocking her baby to sleep. "Please take me as I am," said she; "for I have but one maid at present, the one who offered yesterday telling me, as she sat

rocking comfortably in this chair, that she did not like the looks of the children!"

After a hearty laugh over the frank impudence, Mrs. Drake and I soon made acquaintance,—I offering to watch the baby and have an eye on the boys, while she was busy upstairs. During that pleasant summer I seldom missed a day in seeing the Drakes. I liked the soft-eyed baby, and good little Arthur, who walked in Bobby's steps with dog-like fidelity; but Bobby was my pet, he was so queer, funny, and good-natured. He was not in the least handsome, nor remarkable in any way, excepting that he seemed to have come into the world to see all there was to be seen and to enjoy it.

I shall not forget one morning when I did not take as good care of him as I might. Mrs. Drake sprained her ankle by catching one of her pretty feet in a sheet, that she was turning in the old-fashioned way of ripping the middle, and sewing over and over the side seams. To my inquiry how could I help her most, she replied: "If you could look after Bobby a little while. Arthur is safe in bed with his cold; but Bobby, though he's good as gold, and has kept as still as a mouse, forgets his promise that he'll be 'round, and runs out of the yard after every dog and horse. Now, come here, Bobby; will you stay 'round Miss Louisa, if she goes into the field to draw?"

"Bobby'll be 'round," said the rogue as, with sparkling eyes, he followed me down the steps. What could he be else? thought I, as I looked at the round-headed, round-eyed, round-bodied little fellow, still in petticoats. But I found to my cost that he could be round and not 'round at the same time. For five minutes he sat on the warm, dry earth, docking the clover and wispiking the blades of grass; then he came to look over my drawing, and knocking my arm caused a too drooping line in my sketch of the

weeping willow, that was such an ornament to the pasture as it bent over the much-used well.

"Bobby must go the other side, and not lean on me,"—which he willingly did; for, having no fear of insects, he saw with delight an immense spider crawling in that direction. Now, I think, if spiders would be contented with two legs, or even four, I shouldn't mind them so much; but, as it is, I do not like them for neighbors, and at once moved my garden stool and drawing implements as far off as possible, while keeping in good sight of the tree. Of course the moving suited Bobby, and he thought himself very useful as he impeded my way. Finding that he jarred me by scuffling his feet, I said, "Bobby can go and sit under that pretty bush, and look at his picture-book;" for I had not been so foolish as to hope to content him without occupation.

This he was quite ready to do so long as I looked up, admired, and wondered, as he held up the gay pictures to view. But at last I got so full of my sketch that I did not heed Bobby's "Look at this!" till the unusual quiet alarmed me, and I saw the small figure stooping over the blackberry bushes. Dropping my drawing materials in a heap, I rushed to the rescue. "They are not ripe; you must not eat them!" cried I, at the same time picking for myself.

"Good for ladies," said Bobby, innocently, rebuking more than with the loudest howl.

To repay him, I wandered up and down the field, regaling him with peppermints; he happy to chatter, and I happy to listen. Till, weary at last, I sat down to sketch, hoping Bobby would be weary too,—but the power of locomotion in those short legs! "Bobby mustn't go far," said I for the twentieth time; and for the twentieth he replied, "Bobby'll be 'round." Wishing

to believe him, I easily did so. But, as with a sigh of pleasure I regarded my half-completed sketch, I awoke to the fact that Bobby was nowhere to be seen.

After a second searching look over the pasture, — for Bobby was so short, and dressed in brown, that at a little distance he could not be easily distinguished by my near-sighted eyes from the dwarf shrubs and stumps over which he and I had stumbled in our heedless way, — I went, in no little alarm, to the cottage and up the lane, at the head of which, with face aglow, stood Bobby, stick in hand, with which he had driven our cow from pasture. If it had been any other cow than ours what could I have done, — James gone to town, and the neighbors' men not back till twelve?

I don't know how, but somehow we persuaded Mrs. Mooley to return. Then I read Bobby a noon-day lecture on his conduct in promising to be 'round, and in running the risk of being kicked or tossed by the cow; though, as I looked at his cheerful face, it seemed to be as hopeless to make him fear being hurt as to tell the wind not to blow, Beauty not to bark, kitten not to mew, bird not to sing.

After that Bobby was so good for so long that I finished my sketch. But when I rose to take him back to the cottage, for a second time he had disappeared, and was not to be found in cottage or lane. "Perhaps he's gone to the village," said the nursery maid, with baby in arms. So down the hill I hastened (not the pleasantest direction of a warm day); but not till I reached the bridge did I see my precious, but inconvenient, charge. There, in the middle, hatless, marched the truant.

"What are you doing, Bobby?" said I, after I had him safely by the hand.

"Going to Boston, to see grandma," said he, looking up fearlessly into my face, as if

a seven-mile tramp was what he was used to, and to which no one could object.

"Bobby would have been lost. Bobby's mother would have been frightened; she would 'have cried."

"Would she?" said Bobby, as he drew a long face. "Bobby will not do so again. Bobby'll be 'round."

And he was as good as his word: for though he stood staring out his gate, and wandered up the lane for the delightful amusement of being buried by James in a bushel basket under dried leaves, when it did my heart good to hear his and Arthur's merry shouts, we never had to go farther than the barn to rescue him from horses' hoofs or unknown dangers.

Now, I've no Bobby! He's gone to the Far West, with father and mother, Arthur and Sally. He must be a big boy; rides, I've no doubt, a bare-backed horse. I wish I could remember what he has caught already, — a buffalo, I think. But, wherever he is, I feel sure he will be open-eyed, tender-hearted, quick to see the right and quick to do it; and wherever there are the poor to help, or the friendless to be cheered, there Bobby'll be round!

E. P. C.

For The Dayspring.

SONG.

WHAT cheers the merry brooklet,
As through the wood it springeth?
Over the rocks and over the stones
A merry song it singeth.

Its way is rough, its work is much,
For it turneth many a mill;
It widens into a crystal pool,
At the foot of the sunny hill,

Where the cattle that graze in the field a-near
May stoop and drink their fill;
Yet the rougher the way, and the more the work,
It singeth, singeth still.

What makes the mother so happy,
Through trouble and toil and care?
The way must be rough and dreary,
And the burdens hard to bear.

Does she fret at each ragged stocking,
And sigh at each worn-out shoe,—
Because her purse so slender
Must furnish forth the new?

For, oh, for the ragged stockings
Worn out by the restless feet!
And, oh, for the endless mischief
The tiny hands will meet!

The mischief that never ceaseth
Until each curly head,
With the mother's benediction,
Is tucked away in bed.

Then, why, when the work is endless,
And the way so rough and long,
Through toil and care and trouble,
Doth float her happy song?

The breast of the merry brooklet
Reflects a blue-bell wild;
And deep in the heart of the mother
Lies the smile of a little child.

H. T.

THE BROKEN TULIP; OR, WHAT IS FALSEHOOD?

HENRY was in the garden one morning very early, playing with his hoop. He was always very careful; but it so happened that morning that the hoop rolled on a flower-bed, and broke a fine tulip which his father valued very much.

Just then his mother came from the house. "Look," said she; "the high wind has broken this beautiful tulip!"

"It was not the wind, mother," said Henry; "it was I who broke it."

"You, Henry! how could you do it?"

"I was playing with my hoop, mother, and it ran against the flower."

"But you have been told, Henry, never to play with your hoop in this part of the garden."

"Yes, mother; and I am very sorry that I came here with my hoop."

"And so am I, Henry; for your father will be much grieved at the loss of this flower, which he prized so highly. He will be angry at your carelessness."

Henry's mother then went into breakfast; and as he was going to follow her, John, the gardener's son, came up to him.

"Why, Henry," said he, "if you had held your tongue, your father would have thought, as your mother did, that the wind had broken the tulip. I should never have told anything about it, I promise you."

"I never tell a falsehood," said Henry.

"It would not have been telling one," replied John. "You did not need to have spoken a word when your mother said that the wind had broken the tulip. Would that have been telling a falsehood?"

"It would have been just the same," said Henry; "for it would have been trying to deceive. If I had let my mother think that it was the wind that had broken the tulip, I should have been deceiving her. We may sometimes tell as gross a falsehood by our silence as by our words."

"Right, my boy, right," said Henry's father, who had overheard the boys talking. He had come to rebuke Henry for breaking the flower, but now he said that he would rather lose all the flowers in his garden than have cause to think that his son would try to deceive him.

"Falsehood is the refuge of a coward. To deceive either by word or deed, by speech or silence, is to be guilty of falsehood. As for you, John, take this lesson to heart, and remember that it is not the mere form of words, but the intention to deceive, that makes the lie."

Truth is beautiful and brave,
Strong to bless and strong to save;
Falsehood is a coward knave,
From him turn thy steps in youth,—
Follow truth.

"THE SNOW-PRAYER."

A LITTLE girl went out to play one day in the fresh-fallen snow, and when she came in she said: "Mamma, I couldn't help praying when I was out at play."

"What did you pray for, my dear?"

"I prayed the snow-prayer, mamma, that I learned once in the Sunday school."

"The snow-prayer"! What do you mean, little one?"

"Why," was the reply, "I mean that beautiful snow-prayer in the Bible, mamma; you know it: 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

"I THINK Heaven will not shut for evermore
Without a knocker left upon the door,
Lest some belated Wanderer should come
Heart-broken, asking just to die at home,
So that the Father will at last forgive,
And looking on his face that souls shall live.
I think there will be Watchmen through the night,
Lest any, afar off, turned them to the light;
That He who loved us into life must be
A Father infinitely Fatherly,
And, groping for Him, these shall find their way
From outer dark, through twilight, into day."

Gerald Massey.

HE that handles thorns shall prick his fingers.

MEADVILLE.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - - ev - er dark it be:

Lead me by thine own hand; Choose thou the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
Choose thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth;

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all!



THE LITTLE GLEANERS.

THE HOLIDAY.

AND a bright one it was. The four boys at the stile, laying their plans, and just ready for the start on their day's excursion, are no happier than will be the thousands of the "Dayspring" readers as they start off on their little excursions during the spring and summer days. We want them to have all the holidays they can enjoy; but they must remember that it is the work-days that precede that add real zest to the holiday.

THE LITTLE GLEANERS.

It is not a very good time now for little girls and boys to glean after the reapers, and get great bunches of ripe grain. Mr. Jack Frost holds stoutly on this spring, and keeps the green grass and flowers all locked up. But the sun will melt his fingers of ice pretty soon, and then he will run away, crying lustily.

The little snow-drops are peeping out now, but they are so afraid Jack is watching to give them a nip, they hardly dare open. He is kinder to them than he is to other flowers; but they had quite as lief not feel his icy touch.

But little boys and girls can glean all the same, only it is a different kind of gleaning from that of the

little folks in the picture. They can gather up every day little scraps of knowledge, and these little scraps will by and by make great piles.

They can glean, too, in the field of duty; that is, do every day not only what they ought for themselves, but all that they can to help others and make them happy. If they look sharp, they will find lots of chances to do good, and thus please the Good Father.

Glean from early dawn till night,
All the good the Father sends;
Happy be in day's sweet light,
Living to the noblest ends.

For The Dayspring.

SEEING FAULTS IN OTHERS.

"If I were the grass so fresh and green,
I'd not stay under-foot, I ween;
I'd manage somehow to be seen,"
Said the hollyhock.

"If I were as stiff as the hollyhock,
Or that ugly weed, the narrow dock,
I might as well be a stupid rock,"
Said the grass so green.

"If I were a frog, I wouldn't croak,
And spoil the pleasure of sleepy folk;
I'd rather hold my breath and choke,"
Said the katy-did.

"And if I had a note so sharp and shrill,
I would manage somehow to keep still,
With all the force of a resolute will,"
Said the humming-bird.

"If I had beauty so very rare,
And colors a fairy queen might wear,
And not a note for the summer air,
I'd die," said katy-did.

In this one thing they all agree:
Each other's faults they clearly see,
And think far better they would be
In another's place.

How often we too do espy
The mote that's in our brother's eye,
Unmindful that a beam doth lie
Within our own.

This lesson we may farther learn:
To look for good where'er we turn.
Then shall no pride or anger burn
Within the breast.

Nor angry word, nor action rude;
But love, like a sweet bird, shall brood
Over the thoughts all pure and good
And full of joy. M. L. B.

For The Dayspring.

ANCIENT ENGLISH CASTLES AND ABBEYS.

INTRODUCTION. — PART II.

No wonder that England and Wales have now one hundred and forty ruins of Abbeys, Cathedrals, and Churches, for during the prevalence of the Roman Catholic faith, *thirty-five* religious houses were built and endowed in Berkshire County alone.

A MONASTERY

is a place of seclusion from the world, for men alone, who are called *monks*.

A NUNNERY

is a similar place for females, who are called *nuns*.

A CONVENT

is a community of these recluses, either monks or nuns.

A PRIORY

is a community of monks, governed by a Prior, who is next in dignity to an Abbot.

AN ABBEY

is a series of buildings adapted for the religious ceremonies, and for the dwelling-places

of a fraternity of persons, either male or female, who by vows of celibacy have secluded themselves from the world, and devoted themselves to religion; if monks, they are governed by an *Abbot*; if nuns, by an *Abbess*.

A MITRED ABBEY

is where the Abbot had a seat in Parliament, and was privileged to wear episcopal ornaments. Gloucestershire had four Mitred Abbeys.

Some abbeys, such as Thornton Abbey in Lincolnshire, were *fortified*, being surrounded by a deep fosse or ditch, and high walls, with towers at the drawbridge.

Abbeys included usually a church or a cathedral, convents, chapels, granaries, mills, almonries (or buildings for the distribution of alms), sanctuaries, stables, &c. These buildings covered a large area of ground, besides the land which was cultivated to raise the provisions for the community, thus often embracing two or three thousand acres.

The *ancient* Westminster Abbey, which was rebuilt about 1250, "had chapels, prisons, gatehouses, boundary walls, sanctuaries, almonries, bell-towers (the principal one being seventy-two feet square and wall twenty feet thick), and a train of other buildings, of which we can at the present day scarcely form an idea. Its grants of landed property were so great, that in addition to all the land around it, it possessed ninety-seven towns and villages, seventeen hamlets, and two hundred and sixteen manors.

Some of the buildings of an abbey were usually connected together by covered arcades or passages of communication, called

CLOISTERS.

These cloisters had numerous large windows on one side, looking into the area or court, and were often used as places of study or of recreation.

A CATHEDRAL

is the principal church of a diocese; and is so called because in it the bishop has his *cathedra*, which is the seat or chair of a person in authority. Usually the *highest* ground was selected for the site of this chief edifice devoted to religious worship, and often the cathedral was within the precincts of an abbey.

THE GALILEE

of a Cathedral, so called from a reference to the "Galilee of the Gentiles," "was a side chapel into which *women* might lawfully enter, so that, though they were not allowed personally to approach the more holy places, they might derive comfort from the distant contemplation of them."

A SANCTUARY

was connected with many of the abbeys, and was a place of refuge for all manner of persons who had committed any great offence; such as killing a man in self-defence. Here they were sheltered, clothed, and fed for some thirty days, until they could be sent to a place of safety.

The cathedral and the church-yard of the abbey at Durham was a sanctuary, and the *sanctuary-knocker* may still be seen on the side-door. It is very grotesque and huge, made of metal, and resembling a hollow head with apertures at the mouth and eyes; within it a light was probably placed at night, to guide the fugitive to his haven of refuge. Some of the monks of the abbey were constantly in a room near the door, so that when the knocker sounded, they could instantly let the fugitive in, and then run and toll the bell, that it might be known that some one had taken sanctuary. In the sanctuary of this abbey the fugitive slept on a grating made for the purpose near the door.

A MINSTER

is a church connected with some monastery. Eight hundred years since, William the

Conqueror ordered that every fire and light throughout England should be extinguished at eight o'clock in the evening, the bells on convents, churches, &c., giving notice of the hour. This was called the Curfew.

The curfew is still regularly tolled every evening through the winter upon the bell of Chertsey Abbey. The motto and quaint Saxon letters upon this bell prove its antiquity.

In one cathedral, above the confessional altar is a circular passage of seventy-two feet, rendering even every whisper of the penitent perfectly audible to a priest concealed above.

In these abbeys great riches were accumulated. In 708, the chapel of Glastonbury Abbey was garnished and plated over with 2,640 pounds of silver, 64 pounds of gold, besides many rich and valuable ornaments. Reading-desks were frequently covered with plates of silver. The floors of chapels, &c., were of red and yellow glazed tiles. The interior of old St. Paul's Cathedral, London, which was burned in 1666, "was adorned with pictures, shrines, and curiously wrought tabernacles; gold, silver, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, glittered in splendid profusion; upon the high altar were heaped countless stores of gold and silver plate, and illuminated missals."

In Winborne Minster there were ten altars of alabaster, besides the magnificent high altar.

Life-size monuments or effigies were frequently placed in the chapels; in one of which there are thirteen in brass. Life-size effigies of abbots are frequent, but seldom is one found of an abbess; though in one chapel there is one of an abbess equipped in official habit, staff in right hand, and supporting a book in her left hand.

By what means were so many rich and stately religious houses thus built?

One great source of wealth to the clergy was from saying masses or prayers for the dead, for which large sums of money were paid by the relatives of the deceased.

Another source was from the sale of indulgences, which were the remission of temporal punishments due to sins, granted by the pope or the church? For instance, the Abbot of Croyland Abbey, in 1112, wishing to rebuild the abbey, sold indulgences to every one who would help forward so religious a work. Some of the rich purchased these with money; others gave lands, or cattle, or wheat; whilst the poor gave one or two days' work a month, or built certain parts of the walls, or whole pillars or pedestals.

But many of the best features of the *present civilization* are due to the *influence of the monks*. Agriculture had been despised and neglected by the warlike pagan tribes of Picts, Danes, and Saxons; but the *monastic institutions* proclaimed the *nobility of labor* as a *religious duty*. St. Benedict "thought it good that men should be daily reminded that in the sweat of their brow they should eat bread, and thus day by day toil in the field as well as pray in the church." Other men, who were paid for their services, were engaged to labor with the monks; and thus by degrees more land was brought under cultivation than an abbey needed, and this surplus was leased out to laymen. Thus each religious establishment became a centre of civilization; and while the rude chieftain or noble, intent on war or the chase, cared little for the comfort of himself or his retainers, the monks became the source of household blessings and comforts."

Before the art of printing, it was through the industry and perseverance of the monks that books were so beautifully transcribed and illuminated, and preserved. If a book, or rather a manuscript, was borrowed, a sum of money or plate had to be deposited as

surety of its safe return. When the religious houses were so ruthlessly destroyed by order of Henry VIII., most of these valuable manuscripts were also destroyed. Some were used for scouring guns, or to stop bung-holes in ale-barrels, or for covers to account-books.

The sons of noblemen and of gentlemen were often sent to the abbeys to be educated by the monks, who thus became the principal teachers in the country.

In England there are four *round churches*, resulting from the Crusades, viz., St. Sepulchre's at Northampton, Temple Church in London, one at Cambridge, and the fourth at Maplestead in Essex.

MAUD RIBBERFORD.

THE BOY THAT LOVED HIS MOTHER.

SOMETIMES, when I have been visiting sick people, I have seen a little girl watching beside her mother's bed, and arranging her pillows, or stealing about on tiptoe to fetch any thing she wanted, so fearful lest she should disturb her, and make her head ache. But more interesting still is it to see a little boy fulfilling such kind offices as he can for a dear, sick mother. Nursing is a part of a woman's work; and God gives her, for the most part, even in childhood, a gentle hand and a quiet step, to point out the work he means her to do. But boys are mostly noisy and thoughtless; so that I think it is much harder work for them to control their high spirits and creep about in a sick room.

But love, you know, makes even hard things easy; and I am going to tell you how a little boy not only watched over his sick mother, but was the means of saving her life.

First of all, you must know that in a small town of France, about a hundred years ago,

there lived a miser. He was a man who loved money so much that he denied himself the common necessities of life in order to save it. A miserable, unhappy man was Master Lombard; for that was his name. He was by trade a chemist, and he made a great deal of money; but he lived just like a beggar. He had no wife nor children, nor even friends; he never showed anybody any kindness.

At night, when he shut up his shop, he would sit by the smallest scrap of fire, and eat a dry crust for his supper; then he would bring out his gold pieces and count them over and over to himself. Alas! of what use were they, hoarded up like that? I think if Master Lombard had ever tried the delight of doing good to others with even one of those gold pieces, he would have found counting them up a very poor pleasure in comparison. But he never did try it; he never gave any thing away; he never made anybody happier. I do not know whether he ever read the blessed Bible words, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he layeth out will He pay him again." If he did, they never reached his heart. He lent money to other people, to bring him in a profit; but he never tried the better profit of lending it to the Lord.

One cold winter's night he was sitting as usual in his back parlor, cold and shivering, with nothing in all the world to comfort him but his bags of gold, when he heard a knock at the outer door. He did not trouble himself to get up to answer it at first, for he thought perhaps it was only a foolish boy playing him a trick, and that, if it really were a customer, he would be sure to knock again. Presently the knock did come again, and then Master Lombard slowly rose from his seat, passed through the shop, unbarred the door, and looked out into the street.

The ground was covered with snow, and all was still and silent; so that he was about to close the door again, angry at having been disturbed for nothing, when a thinly clad boy stepped out of the shadow of the doorway.

"Please you, good Master Lombard, it is me."

"Me! and who dares disturb me at this time of night? Who says I never give to those who want? They speak false. You want a thrashing; and you shall have it," and he seized the trembling child to fulfil his threat.

He struggled from his grasp, and again began to tell his tale.

"Please, Master Lombard, I only want some medicine for my mother." Lombard would again have interrupted him; but he continued, "She is ill, sir, — she is dying, from want of food; but this medicine may save her, if you will only give it me. Look, it is in Latin; but you can read it."

The apothecary took the paper from the boy's hand, and, stepping back into the shop, put on his spectacles to read it. When he had finished, the boy told of his mother's affliction, and asked anxiously whether the remedy was a good one.

"Yes," said Lombard, "the remedy is good, but is dear; it will cost a good deal of money."

"Oh, what shall I do? for I have only fivepence;" and the boy thought of his sick and dying mother, with an agony of distress.

The miser looked on in cold unconcern. Well does the Bible say, "The love of money is the root of all evil." He had gold in plenty, but he never thought of giving it to save a fellow-creature's life. "It is no affair of mine," muttered he.

"Oh, if you will only let me have the medicine," again sighed the child.

"Bring the money, and you shall have it; but not a drop without, I tell you," was the hard reply.

"O Master Lombard, give me but the medicine for my mother, and I will be your servant, your slave; I will work for you night and day; I will do any thing, go anywhere, — only save my mother."

The hard and cruel miser began to relent. "I want a boy," he thought to himself; "I know this one to be steady and clever; I can work him hard, feed him little; it would answer my purpose. Yes, I will take the boy, — I might have done worse;" and, having come to this conclusion, he made up the medicine, and then returned to his cold, solitary parlor to meditate over his bargain.

The grateful boy, meanwhile, hastened home to his mother. He gave her the coveted draught, which had cost him so much to earn, and then all through the night he watched beside the sick-bed. It was cold and cheerless; but what mattered that? Others were sleeping, he was watching: others had comforts around them, he had none; but he cared not; his whole soul was absorbed in the one hope for his mother's life; and, if *that* was spared to him, all else seemed as nothing. His brave young heart rose even in the prospect of the difficult path to which he had bound himself, if only God would spare his mother.

And God did reward such love as this. When the morning dawned, she opened her eyes; she spoke to him; she was better; the medicine had worked its desired end. When she was well enough to hear his story, how sad and grieved she was to hear of the hard lot before him, and yet how she thanked God for having given her such a son. She was a widow, in sickness and poverty, yet how rich she felt in the possession of this better gift than worldly goods!

In due time she recovered, and the boy entered upon his duties at Lombard's shop. Hard, indeed, they were, and very difficult he was to please; the food was bad, and lodging worse, yet he never complained; and, more than this, he prospered. The lad was clever, — God had given him talents; better still, he was painstaking and industrious. As the years passed on, he grew rapidly in knowledge, and in the good opinion of others; so that at last the poor, fatherless boy, the miser's apprentice, became a wealthy and celebrated man, the chemist Parmentier.

Child's Companion.

HUMOROUS.

WHEN Willie was three years old he was making good progress in learning his letters. When he came to R, he said, "I dess, mamma, it is B with his foot up, taking a 'ittle walk."

A little boy asked his sister what *extinguish* meant. He was told, to *put out*. Soon after he was heard saying to his dog, "Fido, extinguish your paw."

An editor who received a letter in which weather was spelt "wethur," says it was the worst spell of weather he had ever seen.

Two men disputing about the pronunciation of the word "either" — one saying it was ee-ther, the other ither — agreed to refer the question to the first person they met, who happened to be an Irishman, who confounded them both by declaring, "It's nay-ther, for its ayther."

First Boy — "I say, Jimmy, there's no water. It's frozen everywhere." Second Boy — "Bully! Maybe we won't have to wash ourselves till the middle of spring!"

A preacher who used notes had the misfortune to deliver a discourse — or rather, as

the sequel will show, a portion of a discourse — in a breezy spot, of which rash act the consequence was that “thirdly” was missing. The embarrassed pastor repeated several times: “Thirdly, my brethren — thirdly.” This lasted several minutes, till at last an excited old lady rose from her seat and exclaimed, “Thirdly went out of the window.”

Shan't and Won't were two little brothers,
Angry and sullen and gruff;
Try and Will are dear little sisters,
One scarcely can love them enough.

Shan't and Won't looked down on their noses,
Their faces were dismal to see;
Try and Will were brighter than roses
In June, and blithe as a bee.

Shan't and Won't were backward and stupid,
Little indeed did they know;
Try and Will learn something new daily,
And seldom are heedless or slow.

Shan't and Won't loved nothing — no, nothing —
So much as to have their own way;
Try and Will give up to their elders,
And try to please others at play.

Shan't and Won't came to terrible trouble,
Their story is too sad to tell;
Try and Will are now at the infant school,
Learning to read and to spell.

Scattered Seeds.

Two Irishmen, on a sultry night, took refuge under the bed-clothes from a party of mosquitoes. At last one of them, gasping from heat, ventured to peep beyond the bulwarks, and espied a fire-fly which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion with a punch, he said: —

“Fergus, Fergus, it's no use. Ye might as well come out. Here's one of the craythens sarching for us wid a lantern.”

[“The Little Froggies at School,” in our last, should have been credited to the “Nursery.”]

Puzzles.

7.

CHARADE.

My first is here, a fickle lass,
Now gay with smiles, now sad with tears;
Yet welcome still in whate'er guise,
Or grave, or gay, the maid appears.

My second is a reckless lad,
Who leaves his work for idle play;
Who shuns the good, prefers the bad,
And wastes his time from day to day.
My whole, as many a one can tell,
Has merry sport and laughter brought;
Has often caused a tear as well; —
Look out, my friend, that you're not caught!

F.

8.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first are houseless oft at night;
My second is a wicked sprite;
My third was noted for its gold;
My fourth a son of Jacob old;
My fifth the earliest garden known;
My sixth by tree and bush is shown;
My finals make the time so dear,
When my initials will appear.

F.

9.

SQUARE WORD.

The brightener of the hours of night;
The fragrant oil of sweetest flower;
A German emperor of might;
Of day the warm and bright mid-hour.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

5. — Birthday.

6. — Mignonnette.

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